<tll are embraced within Him. In the language of the Mundaka Upanishad, He is *tt* that which is shining, smaller than an atom in which rest the worlds and their inhabi-tants."

He is like everything, unlike anything, filling all things, seen in all things, beyond all things. Even behind the veil of creation, He possesses an infinite reserve of power, thought, beauty and holy love. He might, therefore, fling aside this universe at any time and take another as one changes, his vesture. The Rishis have aptly described His vastness as a circle whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference nowhere. He, the Infinite God, finds a place on the point of an atom, though the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him. As observed by Emerson, the celebrated American sage, a modem prototype of our ancient Rishis, who has an unbounded admiration for the Upanishads, He is as perfect in an atom as in a Universe.

In His primitive and absolute existence. He is intangible, undefinable, inconceivable, indescribable, inexhaustible and unfathomable. Our poor limited intellect cannot compre-hend His unmanifested transcendental existence. As the

Truth that constitutes and endures as
imperishable Reality,
as the Wisdom that conveys light and
manifests unerring
Providence, He is illimitable, ursurpa^sable,
out-soaring the
flights of imagination and out-reaching the
depths of insight.
He embraces in His infinitude every passing
incident which
^pters into the life-history of the world.
Like little sportive children supporting
themselves on
their heads and shooting up their legs to the
farthest tips
of their toes and fancying the while that
they can touch
the stars, we at times fondly imagine that
standing on our
intellectual heads and reaching out to the
farthest ray of
human intelligence, we can touch and
describe Him. But
-even as the child, as he opens his eyes,
feels giddy, recovers
balance, gazes towards the firmament,
realises his littleness